

How She Moves Me

by TheOtherWillow

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TITLE: How She Moves Me AUTHOR: Denise Morgen EMAIL: meadora@hotmail.com DISCLAIMER: The characters of Mulder and Scully are the exclusive property of Fox, 1013 Productions and Chris Carter. The song "You Move Me" that I have so blatantly plagiarized is the copyrighted property of Polygram International Publishing, Inc. and Piercepettisongs (whatever that is) and is performed by Garth Brooks. SPOILERS: Post-ep Pusher, Tooms, Fire, One Breath, Pilot CATEGORY: Songfic, MSR, Mulder POV SUMMARY: Mulder wades through the mental aftershocks of the Pusher case. ARCHIVE: Sure. Just drop me a line so I can visit. RATING: PG-13 for adult language AUTHOR'S NOTE: Okay, so this isn't a regular songfic. You aren't gonna find any kareoke or lilting radio tunes moving our heroes to brave new emotional heights here. In fact, if you've never heard this song before, you're gonna be like, "Songfic? What the hell is she talking about?" So email me if you want the lyrics so you can go through and see where I worked the words to it in. Keep in mind that I have taken some artistic license and warped the lyrics to suit my purposes just a \*little.\* ;p Also, I'm well aware that I might just have my X-Files timeline a little skewed here. Sorry 'bout that if such is the case!

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How She Moves Me by Denise Morgen

This is how it seems to me: life is only therapy. Real expensive and no guarantees. You could say I'm the resident expert on it, in fact. Too bad there's not an award for Most Time Spent with the Staff Psychologist, I'd have it in the bag. I can't help but grimace when it occurs to me how many more hours I'll be adding to my self-proclaimed title thanks to this little escapade. I bury my face in my hands before sliding them up quickly to scrub through my tangled sweat- stained hair. I can practically feel myself rambling

in an effort to hold down the hysteria I feel clawing impatiently at the back of my mind. And I stink. Nothing like having a showdown with a borderline telepathic, homicidal maniac and almost killing your partner to put your deodorant to the test. I violently shove down on the sharp twinge of pain that shoots through my body as I remember the single tear that slid down her cheek as I stared down at her from the barrel of my gun. The shrink I carry around in the back of my head is muttering nasty little words like "sublimation" and "avoidance," so I decide to do something that at least LOOKS productive. A shower would be good right about now, wash off some of this sweat and perfume - wait, PERFUME? I drop back down abruptly and sniff the air violently like some kind of rabid wolf. That scent, I'd know her perfume anywhere...where is it coming from? I run my hand through my hair in annoyance...and there it is again! I snatch my hand down from my head and thrust it under my nose. There...there it is. But how did it get on me?

Suddenly nothing is more important than remembering what chance encounter led to her scent attaching itself to me. Hmm...maybe having an eidetic memory is a good thing after all. My mind flips through a blur of memories in my mental rolodex, searching frantically for a corresponding image. \*Click\* \*Click\* \*Click\* The mental slide show snaps to a triumphant halt. \*Click\* a darkened hospital room the unwitting stage for the crumpled figure lying useless on it's regulation bed \*Click\* the wafting combination scent of jasmine and vanilla herald her sudden entrance to this darkened domain more vividly to me than the opening of the door or the resounding tap of her heels as she comes to my side \*Click\* Her soft voice answering my rugged whisper, the silken slide of her fingers threading mine. We touched...held. \*Click\* My mind snaps abruptly back to the present as a wave of dizziness crashes over me. Whoa, head rush - maybe productive isn't such a good idea after all. Out of nowhere the realization that I'd been trying to avoid all evening slams into me like a physical force: I almost lost her. AGAIN. And this time it wouldn't have been to some liver eating mutant or shadowy government conspiracy but BY MY OWN HAND. The aftermath of this revelation leaves me weakened and shaking and as I lay back slowly I can feel the hysteria I'd been fighting slip its leash and run rampant over my already fractured psyche:

Killed-her-I-almost-killed-her-the-bullet-was-in-that-chamber-if-she-hadn't-run-I-would've-blown-her-fucking-brains-out-DEAD-dead-dead-dead-Model-you-sick-bastard-how-did-you-know-what-she-means-to-me-I-didn't-even-know-I-would-have-lost-her-AGAIN-for-good-and-then-I\_\_

I cut off my internal rambling when I realize that was exactly what he wanted. Because if I had shot her my life would have then been comprised solely of two distinct but connected acts: 1.) I would've immediately killed that son of a bitch with my bare hands and 2.) I would've killed myself. And Robert Patrick Model would've gotten exactly what he wanted: death by a 'worthy adversary' and my ultimate defeat all in one tidy little package. Shit.

So I lie here on the couch with my heart hanging out trying to come to terms with the hitherto unrealized depth of devotion I hold for my partner. I've always known she's important to me, but when did she become my air? When did even the thought of life with out her first start to leave me frozen solid with fear like rock in the ground?

When did I first fall in -- no, not yet, I'm definitely not ready for THAT thought yet...

Model thought the power to 'push,' as he called it, could make him a great man. He thought that the lifetime of mediocrity he'd lived could be washed away by the path of death and destruction he left in the wake of his poisonous gift. But greatness doesn't come from 'pushing' or from forcing your will upon others. The truly great know that the ability to influence or 'move' others through respect and admiration is the true power. And it can't be bought or sold. Some people are born with it and some people can learn it, but it has to come from inside. Scully has it. Was that another part of why you wanted me to kill her, Model? Could the presence of that spark of greatness that you'd been denied been just another motivation for you to remove this woman from the planet? That's why you failed. You'll notice I didn't even hesitate when you told me to point that gun at myself. One bullet. That's all I could think. One bullet. And if it ended up embedded in your skull or mine then Scully would be safe.

You see, Model, she moves me. You can push all you want but she \*moves\* me...she gives me courage I didn't know I had. She makes me a stronger person and a better man. She forces me to search for proof and plausibility, she validates me. I remember standing with her in a darkened cemetery on our first case in the pouring rain when she threw back her head and laughed. I'm used to being laughed at, people do it to me all the time, but this was different. It was different because she wasn't laughing at me or about me but at herself for believing me. And in that moment, when she was willing to throw away rationality and plausibility for the sake of the truth she was my partner. And suddenly I knew that I couldn't be that groundless lunatic in the basement anymore. She lent me her credibility and the benefit of her doubt and it hit me that I couldn't go with her and stay where I was so she moved me. And it wouldn't be the last time...

This is how love was to me: I could look and not see. Going through the emotions not knowing what they mean. I'd had a string of meaningless and often painful relationships of which Phoebe was only the first. Finally I built the walls of my fortress high around my heart and locked everyone out. Nothing mattered to me except finding Sam and the X-Files. If I didn't let anyone in then they couldn't hurt me, they couldn't leave and I would be safe. It worked for a while, even after they'd partnered us together. It wasn't until they'd closed down the X-Files the first time that I began to get an inkling of how important she was to me. And it scared me so much that I just wouldn't budge. I might've stayed there forever if not for her touch. If she hadn't drug me kicking and screaming to secret rendezvous and challenged me with quiet phone calls I might never have risen out of the funk I'd fallen into. And then they took her from me...took her from me and plunged my entire world into darkness.

Oh but she moves me. Out of myself and into the fire. And so I held on throughout all the pain and despair, if only by the slimmest of margins, because I knew I had to be there when she came back to me. And come back to me she did, with a smile that brought the sun back to my world and a joke to bring an answering smile to MY face. "I knew there was a reason to live" indeed.

It was then that I realized that this is how she moves me: for the first time in my life since losing Samantha I'd found something, SOMEONE who meant more to me than my egotistical self-interests. And now after having almost lost her again I'm burning with the love and the hope and desire that we both try so hard to deny. Some days it's like a fire inside me, the wanting's so great that I fear spontaneous combustion might make an appearance in an X-File next to the name Fox Mulder. But it's the respect and love that win out over the desire to make her physically mine. I already have her friendship, her partnership; I can wait to have her desire.

You would think that all the horrible things we've gone through would have broken her, that all the horrors we've encountered would've shattered her spirit and left her an empty shell of the woman she once was. Not Dana Scully. She takes everything this world can throw at her and keeps on coming. She goes whistling in the dark, making light of it, making light of it. And I follow with my heart laughing all the way. Oh cause she moves me. She gets me dancing and she makes me sing. She moves me, now I'm taking delight in every little thing. How she moves me...

And this is how we survive, because I'd like to believe I move her too. Between the two of us we can take anything fate throws our way. So you can keep you pushing cerulean blue, Modell. She's got a sapphire that moves my world...

Fini.

"i carry your heart with me, i carry it in my heart. where ever i go you go and whatever is done by only me is also your doing, my darling..." - e.e. cummings

Wow. You're still with me? I'm well aware this was a meaningless, rambling little piece; not my usual style at all. You all get extra cookies for making it through this empty bit of tripe! Please, come visit my website so I can prove that I do have a modicum of writing ability!

End  
file.